

# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes STEPHEN ELLISTON, SY GROSS, THOMAS QUINN, ROBIN WILSON, and HARRIS WILSON, Chairman.



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# Chicago

GERALDINE CELUSNAK

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 3*

**C**HICAGO RECENTLY WAS PORTRAYED IN THE *Green Cauldron* as a city populated with gangsters, power-seeking politicians, and prostitutes. A rebuttal to this theme enumerated Chicago's educational facilities, great industries, and scenic beauty. The first writer's impressions could have been formed after reading Jack Lait's and Lee Mortimer's *Chicago Confidential*, while the other writer's information could be found in a guide book or a pamphlet issued by the Chicago Chamber of Commerce.

You cannot expect to feel a city's heartbeat after reading a book or viewing the town from a sight-seeing bus; you have to live there, walk down its avenues and back-alleys, attend its schools, and mingle with its people. Only Chicagoans can know the real Chicago. To me and other Chicagoans, Chicago isn't a metropolis run by a political machine; Chicago isn't Michigan Avenue or Clark Street; Chicago is home. It's the place where we were born, grew up, expect to raise our children, and hope to die.

This is what Chicago is to me—a tall-spired city with a small-town heart.

Chicago is buildings. Its buildings are not mere masses of concrete, steel, and wood designed to house the population and commercial activities; these buildings are as much a sign of home as a loved one's face or a familiar voice. Although the materials which compose the buildings are cold and lifeless, the thoughts which I link with them are warm and friendly. Wherever I glance about my neighborhood, each building recalls to my mind a scene from the past: my home, the most important building to me, where I felt the warmth of parental love; my best friend's house where I once played with dolls, fought over toys, and later discussed boys; the corner drug store where I spent many happy hours with the gang from high school; the high school itself, a huge three-storied structure within whose walls I experienced the trials and pleasures of adolescence; the church where I found peace and refreshment for my mind.

Even the buildings in the Loop bear a special significance: the office building where I got my first job; the stores on State Street where I trudged with aching feet on a shopping tour. I remember the Merchandise Mart with its twinkling multi-colored lights and huge Merry Christmas and Happy New Year sign during the Yuletide season; the pennants yielding to a stiff lake wind on the opening day of another baseball season at Comiskey Park; the floodlights illuminating the Wrigley Building while the darkness of a summer

night shrouds adjoining buildings; the scattering of lighted windows in the skyscrapers when early autumn dusk descends.

Chicago is smells. The soon-accustomed-to odor coming from the stockyards before a rain; the exhaust of a CTA bus; the fragrant flowers at a Garfield Park show; the cotton candy at the Shrine Circus; the smell of smoke and dirt, but the freshness of a lake breeze; these and other smells are my life's breath.

Chicago is sounds. To me they are music: the shrill whistle of a cop at the "world's busiest corner," State and Madison; the moan of a siren clearing the traffic for an ambulance speeding to Billings' Hospital; the lonesome whistle of a train rolling through the nation's railroad center; the drone of a passenger plane coming in for a landing at Midway Airport, or the roar of a jet streaking across a clear-blue sky; the chatter of monkeys and the shrieks of children at the Lincoln Park Zoo. I have heard the wind screaming down a deserted Michigan Boulevard late in an afternoon in November; the spine-tingling din of shouting, feet-stamping fans when the Blackhawks score a goal; the Christmas carols piped through loud speakers to scurrying shoppers while huge snowflakes drift peacefully down to blanket the earth. I've thrilled to a Grant Park concert; sitting under the stars in the midst of the tall buildings with a gentle lake wind stirring the humid summer air; and afterward, I've heard the roar of the color-reflecting waters of Buckingham Fountain.

But most of all, Chicago is people—friendly people who accept you for what you are and do not have the small-town characteristic of judging you by your economic status or background. I don't mean to imply that Chicagoans are without prejudice, because as individuals we are still human beings with human failings, but, generally speaking, we accept or reject on individual merit. Maybe we go out of our way to be friendly because we want our kindness returned. We feel alone and insignificant surrounded by millions of strangers, so by being pleasant we try to extract a friendly smile or hello. Everywhere I turn I see a helping hand or a cheerful face; the grocer who gives me his opinion on Arthur Godfrey or the Cubs with my milk and bread; the woman next to me on the bus who tells me her problems and listens to mine; the man who not only sold me stamps at the post office, but passed the time of day with me if no one was waiting; the shoe salesman who patiently showed me twelve pairs of shoes although other commission-bringing customers were being neglected. These are only a few Chicagoans who were friendly to me even though I never saw them again.

This is the Chicago I know, the Chicago most of her citizens know. The other Chicago, the one sought for and found by conventioneers, tourists, and other transients, is a make-believe world of bright lights, burlesque shows, and cocktail parties. The true Chicago is found in the hearts of her people.

# No War Hero

ROGER D. DUBoIS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

I RECENTLY OBTAINED MY DISCHARGE FROM THE ARMY after serving in Korea. Many people seem to think that I should have all sorts of gruesome war stories to tell. They feel that all of Korea was one big combat zone and that any person who went there was in very dangerous circumstances. When I was first told that my next assignment would be in Korea, my ideas were very much the same. I really didn't know what to expect. Consequently, my arrival in Pusan was an anticlimax. Pusan is in the southernmost portion of Korea, and it would be hard to get any farther from the actual scene of conflict. Of course, the city is hardly a vacation spot; it smells to high heaven at all times and has an utter lack of any recreational facilities. There were only two things reminding us of the fact that we were in a combat zone. Our income was tax free and we had free mailing privileges. Other than those benefits, we had jobs which any soldier might have been performing anywhere in the world.

Then came the time when we felt that our basic training was finally going to be put to use. The truce talks were giving every indication of finally coming to an end, with some sort of peace as a result. Syngman Rhee, on the other hand, did not want a truce, and so was inciting the populace of South Korea to demonstrations. The small guerrilla bands which roamed on the outskirts of the city were becoming more bold. The prisoners who were in the various camps around the city had been allowed to escape, by order of Syngman Rhee. Daily demonstrations were being held in the downtown area, with thousands of people participating. The society which controlled prostitution in the city had all of its girls out parading from time to time. All troops were ordered to carry weapons. But all of the demonstrations had been of a peaceful nature, with no serious injuries resulting.

Then, a soldier became impatient with a mob which was preventing his truck from proceeding. He fired a shot from his rifle, injuring two old men. Everybody felt that this was the spark which was to set off a minor war in the city. All men were ordered to stay on their compounds that night and remain sober.

About 10:30 the next morning, we, who were on the alert squad, were told to grab our weapons and rush down to the gate. The largest mob ever formed in Pusan was on its way to our compound. Twenty of us ran to the gate, carrying our rifles, with two clips of ammo, and wearing steel helmets. Two machine guns were trained down the road, and there were many hand grenades within ready reach. We had received instructions on mob handling

at an earlier date, and the officer in charge kept shouting, "Don't fire unless you damn well have to."

After sitting there for over two hours, we were beginning to wonder just when the mob was going to arrive. Our excitement was turning to boredom. Then the courier came running out to warn us that the mob was definitely on its way and would arrive in a few minutes. All eyes stayed on the bend in the road about a block distant. Finally, six school girls, struggling under a very large banner, came around the corner. They stopped a few steps away from the gate and stood looking at us. After we had fidgeted under their gaze for some fifteen minutes, a courier came out once again to say that we might just as well go back to our jobs. The rest of the mob had become tired and gone back to their homes. I felt that I had been cheated out of my one opportunity for a taste of combat.

## The Value of the Classics

JAMES TAPPE

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 8*

MATERIALISM HAS TRAGICALLY COLORED MAN'S INTELLECTUAL approach to the solution of his problems. We limit our inner creativity with external constraints and insignificant anxieties at the mercy of constant interruptions by telephone and television and insistent print, timing our lives to the movement of a production belt we do not control. As man's inner life has withered, he has recovered a sense of stability and purpose by releasing the most primitive elements in his unconscious. Today man is concerned with the present and future, and the past is looked upon only with academic interest. It is no longer looked upon as a foundation of life. Meditation and a gradual growth to maturity are non-existent to the modern mind. The world is "realistic." There is no money in the classics. Obtaining spiritual nourishment from the present chaos of events and sensations is the equivalent of trying to pick a garbage pile for food. In the end, as Samuel Butler prophesied, man may become just a machine's contrivance for reproducing another machine.

This is an age of science and commercialism. This fact must be met realistically. The problem is to use and direct it rather than to be used and directed by it.

Mastery of the classics requires effort and application which must be both intense and prolonged. Classics bring into play all of the faculties of observation, understanding, and reason. To become proficient in them is to gain self-control and intelligence, which are the foundations of character. The mental activity required by the classics is transferred to other lines of intellectual endeavor.

A great portion of the moral and spiritual meaning in life, which has been lost to materialism, is found in the classics. Strong emphasis on the moral and spiritual appears in Milton's sonnet "On His Blindness," in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality," in Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and in Kipling's "Recessional." Embodied in two serious novels, *Brothers Karamazov* and *Dead Souls*, is an explanation of life through wisdom of the heart.

The results of such appropriate reading end in idealism, wholesome courage, faith in the future, increased tolerance of racial and religious differences, increased respect for those of opposite political views or of lower social and economic levels, and increased awareness of the basic dignity of the individual man or woman. These results greatly help to convince humanity of the truth in the philosophy that "there is a loftier ambition than merely to stand high in the world. It is to stoop down and lift mankind a little higher."

The development of television has taken away a great portion of our leisure time. If people do not appreciate the value and pleasure in reading, there will be a tendency to substitute television time for reading time. It is the path of least resistance. Under such circumstances, it must be taken into consideration that fewer children will grow up in an atmosphere of reading.

In the past twenty years the growth in the communications field has been enormous. Many of the independent newspapers and small opinion-making periodicals have disappeared. Radio and television are controlled by large companies. Such conditions tend to inhibit individual expression. Reading must be kept alive to maintain this factor of individual expression, or the "intellectual approach," as it may be called. This intellectual approach is nurtured by creative thinking. The basis of creative thinking is the reading of serious classic literature.

Without the background which the classics give to all those that know them, it is hopeless to think that it is possible to develop the tens of thousands of leaders in different fields to confront the responsibilities which are now before us. The individual expression developed from the classics is our most dependable weapon against the constant menace of our generation—a world dominated by communism. The main answer to this problem is education. Extensive education will develop individual expression and lead more people to realize the value of the classics.

There is one special and fundamental reason for the need of the classics in education. Our civilization derives its richness from them. Our philosophy, our sense of values, our law, and our language are the offspring of the old world. Our spiritual descent comes from those nations which stand at the beginning of our civilization.

The fundamental hope of all humanity is that the world may exist in the Maitreyan Age, long prophesied by the Buddhists as the age of balance and organized symmetry. With leaders who have gained insight into the nature of man through study of classics, we may have hope for a world of peace and harmony.

# The Battle Against Reality or Paul's Case

JOAN HRADEK

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

**P**AUL'S CASE IS BASICALLY THE STORY OF THE PROBLEMS of an adolescent. But the author, Willa Cather, also presents a problem that is common to all of us—the problem of accepting reality. Through the character of Paul, she presents this problem.

Paul is faced with the problem of escaping from reality. How can he forget the responsibilities and demands that society has burdened him with? How can he forget that actions have consequences? Some children lose themselves in their playworld made up of dolls and toys, while others read and substitute heroes and heroines for themselves. There are no standard methods of escape, for one is as good as another. Paul found his escape in music, art, and the theater, and in these he created a comfortable little world away from cruel reality. Listening to music would stimulate his imagination and, as a cloud shadows the sun, the music would shadow reality. Looking at a picture would provide an opportunity for him to sink into comfortable imagination again. While watching a play, he would not see real people but people of the imagination, and he was at ease with them. Thus, Paul found a little world of security, beauty, and enjoyment, but most of all he found a protector against reality.

Paul could not live in his imagination all the time, and when forced to emerge from it, his only defense was criticism of reality. Oscar Wilde has said, "Children begin by loving their parents. After a time they judge them. Rarely, if ever, do they forgive them." Wilde neglected to mention that children criticize everyone and everything, including their parents. Paul was a severe critic of people. He could not accept their faults because human weakness did not fit into his concept of human beings in his world of imagination. Human weakness constituted the cruelty of reality, the Minotaur he was fighting. If everyone were perfect and had no faults, there would be nothing to be afraid of, for everyone would do the proper things. If people had the bad habit of being human and having weaknesses, Paul would brand them common and stupid. They were not perfect as they should be; their clothing smelled of cooking odors; they sat in front of their homes every Sunday; they did all the things society demanded; they were the creators of reality and the enemies of Paul. Paul rebelled against all this despised commonness, even carrying his rebellion to the matter of soap. He did not like the odor that soap left on his

hands and to destroy it, he sprinkled his hands with cologne. Now he was nearer to perfection. In the same way Paul expected to escape from reality by sprinkling it with imagination. He didn't realize that the perfume did not destroy the odor of the soap, but merely concealed it.

Paul was a worshipper of beauty. It was the opposite of the ugliness he found in the world. By surrounding himself with beauty, he could forget about Paul and his problems and let the waves of beauty engulf him. He could exist in this illusion and let it blot out everything. But beauty to Paul was the artificial, because everything natural was ugly, for it was reality. It is easy, therefore, to understand his attachment to the theater. The theater was imagination, perfection, beauty, and escape. The theater was Paul's utopia, and he spent as much time as he could there. It was the only place where his ideals were practiced.

Because of his fascination with artificiality, he developed an appreciation for atmosphere. By veiling humanness with props and creating the virtue of beauty, Paul would accept human actions. If the bare human necessity of eating could be disguised, he could tolerate it and even enjoy it. Add soft lights, music, waiters, white linen, and flowers to the process of eating and the proper atmosphere was created to make eating more than a human weakness. Paul could accept this disguise, though he did not realize what it was. He had become too accustomed to disguising everything that was human.

Paul's worship of beauty and atmosphere and his hate of humanness were all revolts against reality, but his final revolt was going to New York. There he put into reality all the dreams of his imagination. He bought his beauty and atmosphere, and he achieved his concept of human perfection. But he had not escaped from reality, and soon the consequences of his revolt came into view. His reaction could only be escape, for Paul knew no other way. He could not escape by means of his imagination any longer. He had destroyed it when he transformed his dreams into existence. Since he could not destroy reality, he had to be destroyed by it. Paul was too much of a coward to live with it. He committed suicide, and then his battle with reality was ended. Paul's folly had come to an appropriate end. Paul's case was folly. It illustrated perfectly George Bernard Shaw's axiom, "Folly is the direct pursuit of beauty and happiness."

*Paul's Case* contains very little action and the plot is simple. The story seems to be more of a day-by-day description of Paul's life and character rather than a concentrated action story. For this type of story, which may be broadly called a character sketch, the author must write in a very simple style and must create an unusual character in order to hold the reader's attention. Miss Cather fulfills both of these requirements.

Miss Cather has a direct style of writing and must have since this story is presumed to be presented objectively, although it is tainted with prejudice,

since Miss Cather is a human being. The reader must not only absorb the words but must look for some meaning in them. This is one story that is not predigested, and to understand it fully and appreciate it, the reader must analyze the "facts" presented to him and add a little human psychology and perhaps even some of his own adolescent experience. Therefore a simple style is necessary for this type of story, for it will not hinder the reader in his analysis, and it will be less likely to discourage the already too plentiful passive readers from finishing the story. A very intricate style would absorb the reader's attention and cause him to neglect to read in between the lines.

Miss Cather assumes a dual personality when she tells this story, for she never successfully fulfills the rôle of a bystander narrator, nor does she acknowledge Paul's telling his own story although there are many feelings and emotions so intimate that only Paul could know them. What she does is to combine the features of having an unbiased narrator tell a story with the advantages of having the hero tell his own story. To add variety, she often goes from the extreme of robot-like description to the other extreme of a very detailed emotional description or analysis. This no doubt accounts for her attitude toward her creation, for she is never definitely sympathetic, derisive, nor indifferent, but seems to combine and use separately all three attitudes throughout the story.

To balance the simplicity of style and plot, the characters must be unusual and interesting, for oversimplicity can become dull and worthless. Miss Cather creates a unique character and complete individual, but really a very common one, for Paul is the personification of adolescence. She uses Paul to give the reader a better understanding of adolescence, but more important than this, she emphasizes the idea that we cannot live outside the world, but that we must accept being part of it. The question now is why did Miss Cather use an adolescent to portray this universal problem? The answer is very simple: there are very few adults in the world. Most adults, using age as a criterion, never lose all of their adolescent tendencies. The problems of Paul are basically the problems of all of us; never being definitely a child or an adult, not being able to accept the hypocrisy of life, disliking commonness, finding ways to escape, and living in a dreamworld are things that we all face in one form or another throughout life. The accepting of life and being able to live with it is a problem, but we must meet it, and that is the theme of the story.

*Paul's Case* is an excellent story to read even if only to discover the fascinating character of Paul. But to enjoy it fully, one must have an appreciation of characters, have a little understanding of human nature, and be willing to add meaning to the story. It is a depressing story and does not have a happy ending, but life never does, so that makes little difference—except to people like Paul.

# Between Club House and Grandstand

BARBARA RANSELL

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

S EATED ON THE PADDOCK FENCE UNDER THE SIGN THAT says, "Do not sit on the fence due to kicking horses," I used to swing my feet and laugh inwardly at the hurrying crowds on either side of me. On my left the lower class, who had paid but a dollar's grandstand admission to view "The Sport of Kings," leaned on the rail and watched the thoroughbreds parade. The upper class, who looked the same to my untrained eyes, having paid a dollar and fifty cents, had earned their right to lean on the other side of that fence and be Arlington Park Club House customers. The two groups, oddly enough, did look the same, dress the same, read the same racing literature, and speak the same language. If they did not use race track speech when they first came, they soon affected it after a few hours with their noses in the *Daily Racing Form*. They watched the Post Parade and spoke like experts. This horse was just a plater. Number six had real quality on his sires' side. The class of this baby race was a first starter with great workouts, but he might turn out to be a morning glory. The field looked good in the feature. That chestnut filly was wearing the wrong plates for the distance.

Listening to those people talk made me wonder how they had acquired the shop talk of the race track so quickly. After a little thought I realized that actually general English is rich in expressions born on a thoroughbred race course. Nearly everyone has heard the old saying, "The mudder ate her fodder this morning." One oftens hears others exclaim, "I got there just under the wire!" The expression "dead heat" has spread to many other sports. Neither "long shot" nor "on the nose" needs defining to the average person. "Your best bet is Calumet," is chanted by many people who never heard of any race except the Kentucky Derby. People mention that they have had a real workout without realizing that "workout" is an old racing expression.

Many expressions, however, sound peculiar to the ear, and these are harder to learn. I recognize an old-timer at the track instantly when he says, "Citation, he win the Derby." But unless I know that the Kentucky Derby has already been run and Citation has won it, I can't tell whether "he win" signifies past or future. Through usage by modern racing fans many old, accepted terms established by race-goers of the past are shorter or easier to say. The handicapper's selections for sale are known as tout sheets. Daily double is shortened to double. The totalizer simply becomes the tote board. A photograph finish becomes a photo. An apprentice jockey is simply a 'prentice, and he is given

a 'prentice allowance. The jockey carries a bat instead of a riding crop—it does sound like a bat smacking bony flanks when the going is close in a drive for the wire.

Sitting there on the fence, I learned whether the track was fast, slow, or sloppy; whether the race was on the flat or over hurdles; whether it was a mile out of the chute or six furlongs. I sat between the people who thought they were better than those on the other side of the fence and the people who knew that it wasn't so, and I listened to them all saying the same things in the same way.

## The Common Man

MARY ALEXANDER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

THE COMMON MAN SEEMS TO BE A CREED OF THE AMERICAN people. When I say creed, I mean it is a way of life picked up by a majority of the populace, and catered to by advertising, religion, science and government.

The first of these four, advertising, is responsible for perpetuation of this creed; it capitalizes on it. The foremost advertising agencies in the country realize that if they can put over to the public the fact that their product is used by ninety-nine out of one hundred people, then it will become an immediate "sell out." Why? Because the average American, or common man, worships the crowd; the mass worships the mass. The common man finds out where the crowd is going and he joins the parade. Evidence of this fact is shown by the abundance of television aerials even in small towns, chlorophyll toothpaste tubes in almost every medicine cabinet, new cars in new garages, the new "long" cigarettes in every cigarette case (if they are used by more doctors than any other brand) and larger memberships in country clubs or other such organizations throughout the country.

It is very disheartening to learn that even when the common man pursues his literary interests, he finds out which periodical, newspaper, or book has the largest circulation. In turn, these publications maintain their high circulation by appealing to the common mind (sex, crime, the weather report and Little Orphan Annie). They are very careful not to rise above this level of understanding. In fact, most journalists are instructed to write, literally, for the fifteen-year-old mind.

Religion also caters to the common man. First, it has to get him to church, and second, it has to keep him there for the remainder of the service. (At least until the offering has been taken!) The minister must be very careful in the way he phrases all his ideas. He must be careful not to jar his average parish-

ioneer out of his self-complacency and make him feel as if he were being preached "at." If this happens, chances are the minister will find himself handing in a resignation.

Science also caters to the common man. Recently a marvelous new detergent soap was discovered, but, because it didn't have suds like the other soaps, the American housewife refused to buy it. Science came to the rescue by putting suds in the detergent (even though they weren't necessary), and it has developed a coloring capsule for a new oleomargarine because the average American family won't eat anything that looks "different." Science has also discovered a more streamlined car, but because the average conception of beauty in a car is that of Sherman tank body lines with lots and lots of chrome, American car manufacturers are still turning out these massive monstrosities.

In short, the common man as we call him, is at his zenith in America. He has more factions appealing to his whims than it is possible to enumerate here, including the government. (How many politicians put the "hush" on college educations or great family backgrounds to appear no better than the "common man"?) To me, it is a shame for so many people to sacrifice so much for this creed, the common man, who is the thermostat of society, not the thermometer.

## American Liberalism

JOHN HOBBS

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 5*

WHAT IS AMERICAN LIBERALISM? The *American College Dictionary* defines a liberal as one who is "favorable to progress or reform." But the dictionary does not explain specifically what liberal concepts are and how they should become a reality. There is perhaps no better way to understand liberalism than by comparing it with conservatism.

Conservatives are largely members of the higher income bracket while liberals are more likely to be found in the middle or upper-middle class economic strata. The liberal favors social and governmental reforms which will benefit all the people: this the conservatives will oppose; not because they hate their fellow man but simply because any social upheaval may cause them to lose their accustomed seats on the top of Bellamy's mythical stagecoach.

For similar reasons the big business conservatives oppose government competition with private enterprise. The liberal welcomes governmental expansion—if it is in an area where private enterprise has proved ineffective. This does not make liberals into socialists, for socialists want government control over all the main sources of production. But the liberal is content to leave free enterprise alone as long as it functions in an efficient and humane manner. On the other hand, the liberal would be the first to spurn free enterprise if it

stood in the way of social reform. This was amply shown in the 1930's through the construction of TWA dams and government housing.

The liberal's quest for social and political justice knows no national boundaries. His internationalism is unfettered. The agricultural problems of India are as real to the liberal as the illusory balanced budget is to the conservative.

On the ideological warfront liberals truly live up to their name. Freedom of the mind is an integral part of liberalism; therefore, liberals will never acquiesce to congressional investigating committees (a conservative concoction) which usurp the rights of the individual mind. Liberals hold dearly these words of Thomas Jefferson, "I have sworn upon the altar of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

The liberals are a political minority. Sometimes in the exigencies of politics they are forced to compromise with those who do not feel the responsibility of government toward *all* the people. But, whatever the exigencies, liberals will never compromise their basic doctrine of "change where needed."

## My Chief Disappointment at the University of Illinois

ROBERT ADELSPERGER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 1*

THE WEAKEST LINK IN THE ACADEMIC CHAIN AT THE University of Illinois is the student body. Taken as a whole—which admittedly is a poor procedure in critical analysis—they constitute a distinct disappointment. The cream of the crop seems to have all the consistency of skimmed milk.

Surveying the scene from afar, I invested college youth with noble qualities of the mind and spirit. Since coming to move among them, I have found them considerably less inspiring. Perhaps I came with a different scale of values because my education was delayed a number of years because of illness, and I came with a frame of reference and a set of experiences foreign to most of the students. However, I sincerely believe that if I had arrived post-haste from high school with the bloom of youth and optimistic enthusiasm still fresh upon my brow that that brow would have furrowed as quickly then with dismal consternation.

According to the perennial orators in one field and another, we have on this campus a small segment of American college youth, the leaders and hope of the future. But can hope survive in the onlooker's breast when he examines this

youth? Optimism is a wonderful thing, but we must have basis in fact unless we are mystics or dreamers.

This youth, then, who is to represent the progress, the culture, the thought, the action of the American future—what is he like? He is primarily a social creature, but gregariousness has its limitations and he never sees beyond these to the infinite possibilities involved in these human contacts. He is unaware of the opportunity implicit in the meeting of two intellects to explore beyond the superficial social façades at first presented. For our youth, an extroverted, shallow contact is enough, and he moves through a series of social encounters as one gigantic bull session.

His interests? They too are socialized, but on the scale of the lowest common denominator—pornography, the sports page, the lesser comics and B-grade movies. Of course, such interests are universal, but isn't it the duty and the opportunity of college youth to move on and up from this base he shares with all men to a world of thought and action in which he can be a true leader and a real hope for America, the world, and especially himself? *Ad astra per aspera*—through dint of application to appreciation of art, the editorial page, true wit, and fine theater—this is the goal.

Many are making that climb on American campuses everywhere, but the group seems dishearteningly small at times to one who came full of hope to one of the strongholds of intellectual thought and cultural interests. When I came to campus, one graduate personified for me the spirit of Illinois—a questing, eager mind, alive to possibilities, interested in the world around her, ready to give of a stimulating mentality which had been polished and sharpened on campus. No doubt her equals exist here now. But, it must be admitted, they are exceedingly hard to find.

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A small white ring of smoke slides from a man's mouth. It rolls forward through the air and rises gently as it grows. Then it becomes distorted and twisted as the careless currents dissipate it into a shapeless, invisible cloud. How many times have you seen this evolution, and in how many places? Behind the misty cloud there lies a deep thought.

For a smoke ring often expresses the ideas a man cannot or will not say.

A leisurely puff of smoke bears little meaning, for it takes no concentration or co-ordination. A well-formed doughnut of smoke, however, is a work of art and a pause for the mind to revolve. When a man's mind is struck with a thought, he doesn't blare it out; he pauses to evaluate it. While his mind is deep in concentration, he may form a smoke ring to cover his pause and keep the world from knowing that he isn't with it.

When you are with a man and he casually puffs on his cigarette and exhales a neat, solemn ring, watch him closely and try to imagine what he is thinking. The next words he says may be the most important of his life or yours. He may be evaluating you or the situation, and he may reach a decision. But do not wait too long. For his thoughts may not be voiced for hours, for days, or forever. They may be communicated only by the seemingly harmless figure of smoke that soon blends with the atmosphere. For the deepest and finest thoughts of many men never find their way through the swirling channels of the mind to the voice of wisdom or the hand that holds a pen.

# Carthage -- 1953

LEN DAWSON

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 9*

**C**RUSADERS AGAINST THE EVILS OF RACE PREJUDICE claim that people of common ancestry do not have certain definite characteristics. This is not so. Every race has its own qualities, both good and bad. There are many individual exceptions, but each nationality, as a whole, follows distinctly different patterns of behavior and response.

Two outstanding traits of Americans are their gullibility and their blind idealism. We continually confuse and intermingle hopes and wishful thinking with the true facts of life.

This brings us to the present day problem. Russia has begun to make proposals of peace to Washington. Now in the past seven years, Russia has maintained a policy that has no parallel in any other peace-time period in history. The Soviets have enslaved no fewer than eleven different nations—Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Manchuria, Northern China, and North Korea. On top of this, Russia has broken practically every international law, supported and encouraged aggression against the United Nations, made every effort to stop progress in the free world, and given irrefutable proof that her one and only aim is world conquest.

And so, what has been our response to the Russian “peace” bids? Thus far we have acted in true forgive-and-forget American fashion. Our lawmakers have already begun to babble about armament reductions. Our clergymen are giving thanks that Russia has finally seen the light of God. The man in the street, forgetting the enslaved millions in Europe and Asia and the dead Americans in Korea, is thinking hopefully that “maybe those Russians aren’t so bad after all.”

And what will happen now? If history can still predict events, and it always has, our future is fairly obvious. Russia will continue to make overtures of peace. Eventually a settlement in Korea will be formulated, with the United Nations losing most of what it fought for. Russia will follow a non-aggressive policy for several years, while secretly building up her armed forces. We will degrade ourselves and disgrace our American heritage by completely forgetting the plight of Nationalist China. While Russia is gradually building up her supply of weapons, our military machine will go to pot. Then, someday Russia will sweep across Europe and bomb America, beginning her bid for world domination. It will be the same old story for America—off on another “war to end wars.”

One has only to open a history book to see this same story repeated many times. Foreign powers have taken advantage of our misguided idealism ever since Teddy Roosevelt gave up the presidency. No power has ever gone as far toward world conquest as Russia without attempting to go further. Moreover, every great conqueror in history at least once during his life used some form of appeasement to throw his enemy off guard. The Japanese ambassador was speaking to Franklin Roosevelt of a "new era of Japanese-American friendship" at the same time that hundreds of Americans were dying at Pearl Harbor. And while we are on the subject of history, let's check back even further.

At the time of the Roman Empire there was a nation on the African coast called Carthage. The Romans, of course, were a well disciplined, militaristic people, bent upon ruling the world. The Carthaginians were a peaceful, idealistic race, but had imagination, ambition, and tremendous potential military strength. The Romans thought Carthage would be an easy mark, and they went to war against the seemingly defenseless little state. But Carthage mobilized and defeated Rome, and then, thinking herself to be done with international entanglements, dismantled her forces. The Romans, however, spent six years preparing for a second war. This time, defeat for Carthage seemed inevitable, but by some miracle the diminutive African state again mobilized, and gave Rome her only major defeat within a two-hundred year period. Again Carthage let her army and navy crumble away. Rome made sure that her third campaign did not fail. Carthage was defeated and stayed defeated for all time.

Present-day America bears an amazing resemblance to Carthage, in that, during the slightest letup in pressure, she allows her military machine to deteriorate. And the tragic part is that no organized protest is made on the part of American people. Until Americans change their inherent nature, and learn to distinguish between hopes and reality, they will never know true world peace.

## My Idea of Utopia

JUNE KUETEMEYER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

MANY THEORIES HAVE BEEN PROPOUNDED AS TO WHAT the perfect Utopian civilization would consist of. However, no one but a complete romantic could ever believe the existence of such a civilization possible; for there is one obstacle—the human being. Man himself would eventually destroy any perfect culture merely because he could not combat one of his inherent frailties—greed. That small five-letter word has spelled doom

for every civilization known to man, and will eventually destroy mankind itself. That is why I believe a Utopian state is no more than a dream, never destined for fulfillment.

In my opinion, the only theory that even approaches a model civilization suited to this modern day and age is that advocated by the German economist and philosopher, Karl Marx. The pure Marxian state, in theory, is to me the ideal way of life. However, in practical application, it too is doomed to failure. History will bear me out. The Marxian form of culture has been tried repeatedly by various peoples, and always the factor of greed has risen up to prevent its success. The Union of Soviet Socialists Republic is perhaps the most outstanding example of the Marxian state in actual operation. One could scarcely believe that the two are synonymous, and yet the Russian communistic state was based directly on Marx's original theory, as stated in his book, *Das Kapital*, and in the *Communist Manifesto*, by Marx and Friedrich Engels. It is greed—and greed alone—which is responsible for the difference between that original theory and the present Russian state.

The same situation existed here in the United States in the settlement of Jamestown, as early as the 1620's. The colonists worked in the fields all spring and summer, storing their crops in a common storehouse for community use during the long winter months. However, it was soon noticed that many of the citizens were taking full advantage of the food in the storehouse without doing any of the work necessary to keep it filled. Others donated a very minimum amount of goods to the community, but took in return as much as, and sometimes more than, their hard-working neighbors. So we see that once again the greed of man rose up and destroyed a Utopian form of life.

There are some individuals who claim that Utopia has actually existed—Atlantis, somewhere at the bottom of the North Atlantic; Shangri-La, high in the Himalayas; Brigadoon, rising out of the Scottish mist—and yet, can any man prove their existence? Where in the Atlantic is Atlantis? Where in the Himalayas is Shangri-La? Where on the Scottish moors is Brigadoon? Surely with all that modern science and engineering have to offer we could locate such civilizations if they ever existed. So until we have positive proof, we cannot believe that there ever were such cities. And yet, even in the mythology concerning these so-called civilizations, there arises the doubt of the possibility of a "permanent" Utopian state; for according to the ancient legend of the city of Atlantis, as stated by the Greek scholar, Plato, the gods became so angry with the greed of the people of the city that they brought down upon it such a series of fires, tidal waves, and earthquakes as to sink it forever beneath the waves of the Atlantic Ocean.

And so, in the final analysis, I believe that the perfect Utopian civilization is possible only in theory; for greed is too much a part of the make-up of man to make the model culture workable. As in the story book country of Oz, Utopia is surrounded by an impassable desert—a desert composed of the sands of greed.

# Excerpt From a Letter to the Board

BARBARA LERNER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 8*

DEAR SIRS:

After reading . . . as regards . . . however . . . observations . . . humbly submit . . . following . . .

The University of Illinois should grant official recognition to panty-raids. It is evident that, as campus authorities say in their glib, ad lib statements to local news agencies, "Some action must be taken." For two consecutive years, this institution's Frank Merriwells have sought adventure and under-apparel in women's residence halls and sorority houses. There is good reason to suspect that a similar venture will be undertaken by the students a third year. Three consecutive years of such outbreaks of youthful exuberance and the unfavorable reaction they cause in Springfield will, quite possibly, have an undesirable effect upon a matter of primary concern, namely, the budget.

University approval of panty-raids would make a marked difference in political reactions. Panty-raids would become a sacred tradition of our educational system, indicative of a wholesome, democratic love of fun. The public, naturally, would respond like loyal Americans, upholding the dignity of bra-baiting and defending the right to steal slips and slip-ins. Lingerie manufacturers would stress in undie advertisements the difference between clean-cut, fun-loving American students and their pedantic, book-wormish foreign counterparts.

Students whose behavior is apt to be violent and raucous would scorn a University-sponsored function. Instead of impressing one another with their panty-raiding prowess, these trouble-makers would amuse themselves by expressing contempt for legalized affairs in local bistros. Their complaint that "This damn University ruins everything," would fall harmlessly upon the disinterested ears of a barman. Sorority women and fraternity men would be the chief participants. Concern over obtaining bigger and better pants than those waved by rival Greeks would keep them busy and docile.

Revision of panty-raid policy need not be embarrassing. The University could simply distribute some "On closer inspection, we find . . .," notices. The raids could then become an annual, administration-sanctioned event, comparable to Spring Carnival or Homecoming. There would be nothing disorderly about the proceedings. A faculty committee would quietly formulate plans and then allow the student senate or a similarly reasonable group to agree

upon them. Petitions for the affair could then be submitted, through the proper channels, of course.

The name of the outing could be changed in favor of something more dignified, or at least, more discreet. A title such as "Primary Clothing Excursion," for example, would be advisable. At any rate, newspaper editors not concerned with the school's welfare would have more difficulty fitting that label into their headlines.

*Respectfully Submitted,  
A FACULTY MEMBER.*

## What I Mean by a Good Time

EDWARD SCOTT

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

ONE OF THE QUESTIONS I ASKED MYSELF WHILE ATTEMPTING to write this theme was, "When was I happiest? When did I enjoy myself most?" And I came on an unsuspected answer: I had enjoyed myself most when I had been at my best, and I had been most often at my best when I'd been badly scared. By "enjoying myself" I mean feeling that I've done a good job or reacted to some challenge in a way that makes it possible for me, in the fact of difficulty or danger, to trust myself.

As a child I was quite fearless. It never occurred to me to distrust my own capacity to deal with any situation, or to be afraid of anything or anybody.

Then, at the age of five I was sent, for the first time, to school, where I met other children. I caught fears from them as a child might catch mumps or measles. I became, almost overnight, timid and diffident, and timid and diffident I have remained. But whenever adventure or danger offered itself I've always snatched at it, in the teeth of my own fearfulness. And each time I've found that fear has aroused in me unsuspected powers.

There is one fear that, at first sight, seems to be without stimulus of any kind—the fear that strikes us when someone we love is dangerously ill, perhaps at the point of death. I have known that most fearful of all fears too. But, looking back on such dread moments, I realize that fear called up energy and resolution that normally I lack. I became "outside myself" so that I was able to throw into the struggle everything I had and a great deal more than I had known I had.

I believe that fear, out in the open, is one of our most valuable assets—a sort of key to our reserves, a means to call into action our latent capabilities. We do not, therefore, need to fear fear, much less be ashamed of it. We need only to handle it right, knowing that it can reveal our own strength to us and thus help us to the highest enjoyment of ourselves.

# The Web and The Rock

REBA HIGGIN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 14*

Could I make tongue say more than tongue could utter! Could I make brain grasp more than brain could think! Could I weave into immortal denseness some small brede of words, pluck out of sunken depths the roots of living, some hundred thousand magic words that were as great as all my hunger, and hurl the sum of all my living out upon three hundred pages—then death could take my life, for I had lived it ere he took it: I had slain hunger, beaten death!

IT IS NOT JUST AN ACCIDENT THAT THOMAS WOLFE INTRODUCES the reader to *The Web and the Rock* with these words, for in them we discover the insatiable passion for detail which represents the very heart and core of his style. Furthermore, it reveals to us his whole approach to life and writing.

Thomas Wolfe, more than any writer I ever encountered, makes a gallant attempt to eat and drink the world. He devours all the people who cross his path; he probes the innermost secrets of every soul he ever knew; he tries to capture every thought he ever had, every emotion he ever felt, every hunger he ever experienced, and he does so with such maddening intensity that to read him is an exhausting marathon. He is not content to give us "the forest in a leaf"; rather he believes that every leaf or street or door or railway car or face or laugh or smile he ever knew is unique and extraordinary, and therefore should be brought to the attention of the reader in overwhelming reams of vivid description. He never uses one adjective to describe an emotion or an idea if he can find eight that will serve admirably. Furthermore, it is unthinkable that he ever saw a blade of grass that did not fill him with an instantaneous burst of emotion which led him to pen and paper in order to get "it" down before the "thing" was gone. A street to him constitutes all the materials that went into the making of it; it constitutes all the sights and smells and thoughts that ever hovered above it; it constitutes all the colors, shades, tones and hues that ever created shadows and shapes and undertones on that street; it constitutes the laughter that echoed there ten years before his observation of it and twenty years hence. His street is not lined with brick walls; it is lined with individual bricks. Each brick has a quality which labels it a separate entity. The light falls on the wall in a certain way. That way must be captured. Thomas Wolfe does this with indefinable skill. His scope is all-embracing; his descriptive powers are immeasurable. He is an artist in the use of words that produce rhythm, color, sight, smell, taste. The aroma from the coffee cup is not just the one we get from the kitchen at home or the restaurant

around the corner ; he takes us back to the original coffee bean, transports us through the whole exotic process of coffee making, puts the brew in a cup and makes us drink it, deriving at the same time the full height and glory and utter passion of coffee drinking !

If we could deposit him here and say—"This is Thomas Wolfe, the man who tried to eat and drink the world"—the reading and discovery of him would be a literary experience not without moments of enchantment and divine discontent, but Thomas Wolfe does not lead us into an orgy of descriptive artistry and drop us pell-mell into the center of his many-colored canvas. He weaves for us with passionate intensity the very fabric of life. It is impossible to read him without putting down the book and recalling with stabbing poignancy a similar mood or emotion of our own that he has captured with startling accuracy, for it seems to me that the genius of Thomas Wolfe lies in his ability to reproduce moods, emotions and thoughts with such truth that we feel the thing, whatever it is, the way it is.

Having read his description of how it feels to be twenty-five years old, could we ever forget the complete intoxication with life that the age conveys?

It is the time of life when a man conceives himself as earth's great child. He is life's darling, fortune's pet, the world's haloed genius : all he does is right. All must give way to him, nothing must oppose him. Are there traces of rebellion there among the rabble? Ho, varlets, scum—out of the way! Here's royalty! Must we rejoice, then, at the beatings which this fool must take? Not so, because there is so much virtue in the creature also. He is a fool, but there's a touch of angel in him too. He is so young, so raw, so ignorant, and so grievously mistaken. And he is so right . . .

His impressions of the city, New York in particular, are equally vital and alive.

Perhaps there is some chemistry of air that causes this exuberance and joy, but it also belongs to the enigma of the whole country, which is so rich, and yet where people starve, which is so abundant, exultant, savage, full-blooded, humorous, liquid, and magnificent, and yet where so many people are poor, meager, dry, and baffled. But the richness and depth of the place is visible, it is not an illusion ; there is always the feeling that the earth is full of gold, and that who will seek and strive can mine it . . . There is no place like it, no place with an atom of its glory, pride, and exultancy.

Anyone who has ever known and loved New York will recognize and recall its magic in Thomas Wolfe's words.

Thomas Wolfe's literary powers do not stop with his masterly creation of mood and his descriptive artistry. Perhaps his greatest strength as a writer is his ability to reproduce with lyric intensity the universal experience of loneliness, for this is the thread that runs continuously through *The Web and the Rock* and every other Wolfe writing that I ever read. Hardly a page escapes being touched by an inexplicable, haunting quality of loneliness.

The whole conviction of my life now rests upon the belief that loneliness, far from being a rare and curious phenomenon, peculiar to myself and to a few other solitary men, is the central and inevitable fact of human existence.

Thomas Wolfe makes loneliness the central and inevitable fact of his books. His characters, grotesque as many of them are, always are lonely people in varying degrees.

And still we have not finished with Thomas Wolfe. His style has only been touched upon ; his characters remain grotesque, exaggerated and disturbing. His tortured soul must still be abroad in the world ; it cannot be harnessed into a literary criticism. Thomas Wolfe, the great, lumbering giant, full of unquenchable joy in existence, yet ever conscious of the tragic, lonely undertones of life, gives us a rare transference of life on paper in *The Web and the Rock*. His flaws are many. His exuberance frequently carries him away into a highly subjective emotional style, but always he maintains a certain standard of poetic intensity. It need not be sustained, polished, objective art. It is the poetry of loneliness, inextricably blended with joy, vividly and poignantly expressed.

## Gambling Should be Legalized

ALLAN P. CHARAK

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

**G**AMBLING, IN EVERY FORM, SHOULD BE LEGALIZED. Essentially, gambling is an emotional drive whereby feelings of satisfaction gained from winning are achieved. Inasmuch as centuries of experience have demonstrated that the gambling drive is innate, it appears as senseless gestures to continue to deride and condemn it as an illegal practice. It is not, as many have described it, an addiction similar to the use of drugs or alcohol ; it is a natural bent that demands expression. The suppression of gambling by maintaining its illegality can breed more harm than good, for the drive cannot be harnessed and will manifest itself regardless of possible consequences.

Of still greater importance, particularly to all decent, law-abiding citizens, is the fact that illegal gambling attracts the criminal element. This is evident by review of the findings of the Chicago Crime Commission in its current inquiry. It has been determined, beyond reasonable fear of contradiction, that gambling is syndicated on a nationwide basis. Powerful criminal unions have joined forces to perpetuate the illegality of gambling in order to derive tremendous profits from their syndication. The very fact of illegality in gambling

has given this alliance its strength. Illegal gambling, also, must be carried on clandestinely, "protection" being obtained by bribing politicians and law enforcement officials. The syndicate can well afford to make the necessary bribes attractive. The gambling establishments themselves contribute to the criminal aspect by the employment of ex-convicts and known hoodlums whose normal tendencies are to never give the "sucker" an even break. The gambler, be he casual, or inveterate, is continually on the long end of the risk he runs, while the syndicate profits continue to multiply.

Through the legalization of gambling, the various cities, states and counties would be able to derive a great deal of revenue with which to carry on beneficial civic projects. Gambling rooms, operating openly, would be subject to police inspection, thereby eliminating the criminal element. Betting odds would be regulated to give the gambler a better edge on his investment, lessening the operators' profits and making it an unattractive enterprise for the crime syndicators. Inasmuch as it is a foregone conclusion that gambling is here to stay, why not bring it out in the open where it belongs, clean it up, and use it for the advantage of the majority?

## Discover Your Own Walden

TED LETH

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 12*

IF EVER YOU BECOME FED UP WITH THE WORLD, AND your own lot in particular, don't despair. Over one-hundred years ago a prescription was written for exactly what ails you. The prescription is recorded in Henry David Thoreau's *Walden*. This book ostensibly is a report of happenings at Walden Pond near Concord, Massachusetts; but actually it is an account of the finding of peace of mind.

Our country's landscape is dotted with ponds and lakes. They offer their invitation and panacea to you. One of them may be your Walden, if you'll seek it out. Whether it is large or small, natural or man-made isn't important. It may offer the same "cure" the original offered Thoreau, who found so much inner serenity there.

Disturbed by what he considered a complex world, Thoreau sought Walden where he could find his own answers in simplicity of living. Nature constantly reminded him that life for most people was being "frittered away by detail." He discovered that a basic ingredient of his prescription was "simplicity, simplicity, simplicity." He reduced living to the "necessaries of life."

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the

essential facts of life, and see if I could learn what it had to teach," he reports of his experiment.

A nonconformist, he had concluded that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. Despair is concealed even under what are called games and amusements. Most men are so occupied with factitious cares and superfluously coarse labors of life, that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them." He says further: "There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of nature with his senses still . . . ."

In 1845 he built his house on the shores of his Walden. He found himself a neighbor to the birds, to the trees and to his pond. He wasn't running away. He wasn't breaking with society. He was trying another way to find the answers to the problems that troubled him. He wasn't concerned with earth's harvest, but with the harvest of truths. "I grew like corn in the night."

He watched over his dominion. He listened to the sermons it had to offer. He observed the ducks, the loons, the turtles, the fish. He reported with joy the breaking of the ice on the pond that first spring. ". . . I minded not how the hours went. If the birds and flowers had tried me by their standards, I should not have been found wanting . . . ."

All creatures, all trees, all grass, all flowers taught him something and he eagerly sought them. Yet as much as these had for him, his ponds—Walden and others—offered even more.

"Ponds are great crystals on the surface of the earth," he said, "lakes of light. If they were congealed and small enough to be clutched they would be carried off like precious stones; but being liquid and ample, secured to us and our successors, forever, we disregard them. How much more beautiful than our lives, how much more transparent than our characters. Nature has no human inhabitant who appreciates her. Talk of heaven! Ye disgrace earth!"

For two years, two months and two days, Thoreau lived at his Walden. Far from being a hermit, he had visitors often and he regularly sought the society of men in Concord. Their gossip he "found as refreshing as the rustle of the leaves and the peeping of frogs."

He didn't urge everyone to live exactly as he did. "I would have each one be very careful to find and pursue his own way. I would not have any one adopt my mode of living exactly as it was on any account," he says. He only urged and challenged everyone to become the Columbus of his soul, to find his own answers, to seek Truth.

The experiment convinced him that, "if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in the common hours."

In September, 1847, he ended his experiment. He was convinced that "we can never have too much of nature. We need the tonic of the wildness, to wade sometimes in the marshes, to walk the forest and meadows." The philosophy that mellowed during the experiment and was recorded in the book *Walden* has become a classic remedy in the modern world for all who will heed it.

## Rhet as Writ

In fraternities I saw a tremendous amount of spirit and life. They held dances and parties. They sang songs and shouted and stamped their feet. They were happy. They were getting a well balanced education.

\* \* \*

Sex is a very delicate subject, and it should be handled only with golden gloves.

\* \* \*

With Lenin at the head and Stalin a bud waiting to blossom the communistic machine began grinding away and soon captured up all of Russia.

\* \* \*

I was one of the main clogs in planning our spring carnival display.

\* \* \*

Years ago, movies had no sound, and still farther back there were still movies.

\* \* \*

Secondly, for the humorous side of the story, all the girls that lived at Leeman Lodge—my home—were tickled by our housemother.

\* \* \*

The importance of sex is realized in the United States, and so hundreds of years ago the institution of marriage was established.

\* \* \*

In addition to the faculty, new buildings are being built for added convenience to the students.

\* \* \*

Here are no prizes for men polishing an occasional masterpiece in an ivory towel. The winners work infrequently in excitement, generally in the monotony of the run of the milk job.

\* \* \*

The grove of death was the grove of trees around Kurtz' house where the natives were being bled to death from the extraction of ivory.